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THE MARGINAL SEX

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OUR UNTAUGHT TEACHINGS

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A Critic's Role

Criticism comes as second nature to a journal of opinion such as The Commonweal. Without voicing it continually this magazine would hardly get very far in interpreting the current scene. This would be true regardless of whatever irascibility, feelings of superiority, or disloyal sentiments unfriendly readers might ascribe to its various editors and contributors. And this journal's approach naturally includes both criticism of others and realistic scrutiny of our own ways and institutions.

The tendency to question the way things are going on the national scene, and to take issue with various American policies toward foreign peoples, is doubtless less pronounced when it has to deal with the errors or inadequacies involved in wholehearted efforts to break out along new paths. Criticism tends to become more pronounced in our pages when we feel that Washington seems more intent on giving reassurances than on alerting the citizenry to the challenges confronting the nation in this divided world.

Where Catholics as Catholics are concerned, the problem of criticism is obviously more delicate. Discussion seems to take on a more personal character. For one thing, the sacrifices entailed in establishing and maintaining Catholic institutions make them particularly sensitive to criticism. Yet there is a growing realization in recent years of the extent to which self-criticism serves as an important preliminary to better things.

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THE COMMONWEAL

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS, LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

Atlantic Relations

THE COMMON MARKET'S agreement on farm products is a remarkable achievement. Conditions vary widely from nation to nation; each has had an intricate series of import quotas, subsidies and tariffs. Yet the Six—high-cost and low-cost producers, nations with surpluses and those dependent on food imports—have agreed to eliminate quotas and tariffs among themselves within six to eight years. Little wonder that many of the weary delegates felt that a giant stride has been taken toward a European economic and political union.

Since 1957 the European Common Market has succeeded in cutting tariffs between the six member nations by forty per cent, and the ensuing rise in trade and general increase in prosperity have led the Six now to step up their timetable. Great Britain has started negotiations toward incorporation into the E.E.C., and despite domestic farm difficulties and long-established Commonwealth trade relations, Britain may well become a member within a year—along with several others of the present Outer Seven.

Meanwhile, Mr. Kennedy has been quick to follow up the Brussels agricultural agreement by concluding a tariff agreement of our own with the E.E.C. This involves a twenty per cent tariff cut on a number of industrial and farm products. (As American exports of farm products to Europe are a major source of income, terms for competitive grain shipments have been left for further negotiation.) Active cooperation with the European Common Market has begun for the sake of our export industries and trade as well as the common stake in winning the cold war. The extent to which this vital partnership will develop is largely dependent upon President Kennedy's success in obtaining Congressional authorization to negotiate further.

One of the principal reasons for the elation over the success of the Common Market and the unmistakable step toward a full-blown customs union is the political significance of the Brussels agreements. From its earliest moments the leaders of the E.E.C. have thought in terms of political as well as economic cooperation. Through the cold war and the Soviet Union's unflagging efforts to sow division in the West, momentum toward political unity has been accelerated. The vision of a United States of Europe appears to be on the way to realization.

ASSUMING THAT British adhesion is not far off, how is the United States to look upon the emergence of this new political entity of three hundred million people? Although it would be made up for the most part of our NATO allies, the Soviets have hopes that serious rivalry will develop between the new power complex and the United States. This underlines the importance of ever-widening trade agreements between this country and the E.E.C.

Another difficulty is the fact that the new European Community will be made up largely of colonial powers. Anti-Americanism will grow in Afro-Asian areas the more the United States becomes identified with Europe. Moreover, under an "Atlantic Union" there is a real danger of the division of the world outside the Iron Curtain on a racial basis.

The Declaration of Paris overwhelmingly approved by the Atlantic Convention of the NATO powers constitutes another historic step pointing in the direction of unity—with the projected formation of a common council of ministers, parliament and high court of justice within the next decade. But if the nations involved surmount the many serious obstacles to such a realization, what would be the new Community's relationship to the rest of the world? The zealous advocates of Atlantic Union have long stressed the common Judeo-Christian traditions of its potential components. This, when added to the fact of their predominantly Caucasian character and their former colonial overlordship, will hardly

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commend the new power complex to the emerging Afro-Asian nations or the peoples of Latin America.

Happily the Atlantic Community does not conceive of itself solely as a self-contained entity well able to outstrip the Communist enemy economically (and militarily if need be). The Paris Declaration calls for joint efforts to combat poverty in the world and help the underdeveloped nations. Will this prove sufficient? The ideology implied by the term "Atlantic" has been useful in contrasting our democratic freedoms with the ruthless constraints of the Communist world, but it is now time to broaden the concept and allow access to peoples of other climes and other races.

Theory and Practice

AT SOME point in the very distant future, we suppose, the definitive history of the coming Second Vatican Council will be written. If the past is any clue to the writing of such histories, however, we will all be long dead by the time it appears. Perhaps this will be just as well. Still, we can't help wondering about the opening sections of that history: those sections dealing with the preparatory stages of the Council.

A few months ago this topic would have been of only slight interest. From all public reports the preparatory commissions are going about their business in a quiet, methodical way. Unlike the preparations for the First Vatican Council, there appear to be no dramatic, colorful figures of the likes of an Acton, a Manning, a Dollinger or a Pio Nono to liven the scene. Nor do there seem to be any issues comparable to that of papal infallibility to guarantee spirited debates. Compared with the preparations for earlier Councils, the current spade work seems remarkably tame.

In the past few weeks, however, there has been at least one exception to this over-all tameness. This took the form of an outcry in the pages of *L'Osservatore Romano* against a book by the noted Jesuit, Father Riccardo Lombardi. It was Father Lombardi's misfortune to say publicly in his book, *The Council: A Reform in Charity,* some things which many Catholics have been saying privately for years. To say, for instance, that the Curia could be more efficient, that it should be more international, and that clerical (non-liturgical) garb could stand some improvement, is hardly to say anything revolutionary.

Father Lombardi was, no doubt, on somewhat shakier ground in calling for a "world senate" of Catholic laymen. This is an intriguing idea—that we cannot deny—but surely a utopian and unlikely development from a practical standpoint. Yet, so far as we can judge, the making of such a suggestion as a topic for discussion ought to be acceptable enough. But *L'Osservatore Romano,* in any event, took the book amiss, objecting to its rashness, imprudence and especially its injustice to the Curia.

It is difficult to know just what moral to draw from the incident, which ended with Father Lombardi stating that he agreed fully with the criticisms. The only immediate moral which occurs to us is that, once again, it becomes clear that the outspoken, uncommon voice in the Church can expect a goodly share of troubles. And the fact, as in Father Lombardi's case, that what is said is not juridically unorthodox seems of little consequence.

In itself, naturally, the incident is of minor interest. What the future historian of the Council is likely to notice, though, is that Father Lombardi's book was stimulated by a general atmosphere of soul-searching on the part of the Church. It is an atmosphere marked by an uncommon freedom of opinion in the Church, an uncommon directness of criticism, and an uncommon urging on the part of many cardinals and bishops that the laity especially make their hopes and opinions known to the hierarchy.

But what this same historian is also likely to notice is that the Church of our time finds it much easier to like the idea of self-examination in the abstract than to welcome very specific, concrete proposals. In this respect, the incident of Father Lombardi's book may serve as a valuable footnote illustrating that ambivalence. Perhaps this ambivalence will be noticed in the Council itself. If it is, and we hope so, the future may see the Father Lombardi's of other generations treated with more affection.

Cracks in the Monolith

FOR SOME months now our demonology division, along with everyone else's, has been trying to puzzle out recent events in the Communist world. They are still puzzled, more so perhaps than ever. As a result, pending some sudden insight, we cannot supply our readers with any great wisdom on the matter.

It ought to be reasonably clear by now, however, that the latest indications of Communist dissension and disunity should be taken seriously. It may be a minor matter that Moscow and Peiping all but publicly attack one another's orthodoxy. It may be a minor matter that Albania was excoriated at the Twenty-second Communist Party Congress and that Premier Chou En-lai left the scene abruptly. It may be a minor matter that the de-Stalinization cam-

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paign is causing some party turmoil and that conflicting reports of Mr. Molotov's future are issued. But, taken together, these incidents become very difficult to shrug off.

It might, of course, be argued that none of this makes much difference to the United States. Up to a point—which we may or may not have passed—there is something to this indifference. But it is sometimes forgotten that the struggle against Communism is not just a struggle against a false ideology. It is a struggle against an empirically real thrust for power. For that reason we can hardly afford not to take seriously the concrete facts of the Communist world—and to take them into account in the shaping of our foreign policy. It is not inconceivable that the way we respond to the current internal differences could make a great difference to the fate of Communism.

A Falling Out on Fallout

TWO WEEKS ago my colleague James O'Gara devoted his column to a consideration of the fallout shelter controversy. His first sentence mentioned the fact that the long-promised government booklet on the subject has at last been made available, and I agree—the booklet has been made available. Starting with the next sentence, however—where he says that he thinks it was a good idea to publish this booklet—our differences begin to mount.

Unlike most supporters of a fallout shelter program, Mr. O'Gara does not misunderstand the possibilities of shelter protection. "The key word is fallout," he says, and the shelters "are designed to protect against fallout alone." Thus the claims of civil defense officials should be judged within the limited terms on which they advance them.

Such a caution seems reasonable enough, but before we accept these limited terms it seems to me we have a right to look them over. And this is where the first major objection arises.

What is the basis for selecting fallout as the one consequence of nuclear war against which we will try to protect ourselves? Is fallout the greatest danger, in the event of nuclear war? The most immediate danger? The most likely danger? To my mind, the answer to all these questions is clearly no.

The destructive power of nuclear weapons derives from initial radiation, heat and blast (and there is no question of escape from the combination of these "prompt" effects); possibly from later "local" fallout, which is what shelters might protect against; and possibly from still later "worldwide" fallout, about which we know almost nothing. Except in the case of bombs exploded on the ground, however, nuclear explosions produce little or none of this local fallout. It may surprise some of us to be reminded that at Hiroshima and Nagasaki there was no local fallout at all.

Furthermore, the fallout-producing groundburst is, in terms of sheer destruction produced, and in the language of the military, the least "efficient" use of a nuclear weapon. Still further, there is the fact that as the size of a bomb is increased, the circles of destruction by blast and fire grow at a much greater rate than the circle showered by initial radiation. The bigger the bomb, in other words, the more preponderantly it is an incendiary weapon. The superbombs developed in the last decade, culminating (perhaps) in the 55-megaton horror lately demonstrated by the Soviets, are simply not radiological weapons; they are incendiaries.

Is it likely, then, that a nuclear attack against the United States would take the form of fallout-producing ground-level explosions? The only honest answer to this question is that nobody knows, and the different, contradictory and shifting opinions which we hear are no more than speculations. Groundbursts produce maximum shock and cratering-effect, as opposed to airbursts, and if the target were a "hardened" missile base, it is reasonable to expect that at least some of the bombs directed against such a target would be groundbursts. But would *all* the enemy's bombs be exploded on the ground, and would missile installations be the *only* targets the enemy would attack?

Again, nobody knows, but there is as much opinion against such an expectation as for it; and, in my judgment at least, rather more evidence against than for. For one thing, there is the statement at the Twenty-second Communist Party Congress by Soviet Defense Minister Marshal Rodion Malinovsky. In the event of nuclear war, declared the Defense Minister, the targets for Soviet bombs would be concentrations of the enemy's armed forces, industrial and population centers, communications lines—everything which could contribute to the waging of war. For another thing, there is the strategy consideration described by the war gamesters as "counterforce plus bonus." This theory has it that in a hypothetical 30,000 megaton attack directed against "force" rather than "population" (missile bases rather than cities), the attacker could, by diverting a mere ten per cent of his weapons to civilian targets, "kill as many as 120 million

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people." This would be an easy "bonus" with the "counterforce" attack!

That nuclear attack would be directed only against military targets and would be carried on only through groundbursts—necessary conditions if fallout shelters are to be of any use—seems to me, therefore, almost pathetically unlikely. But even granting these conditions, there are some other factors which are ignored by shelter enthusiasts and by the government booklet on the subject.

If an attack were launched against our bases, it seems fundamental to assume that it would be an attack intended to knock out these bases. According to at least one study, an attack on the hardened Titan bases that ring the city of Tucson, for instance, would require 300 megatons to be effective. This is a speculation and might be far from accurate, but the point is clear, I think. To use one five-megaton bomb as a base for calculating the effects of a counterforce strike, as the government pamphlet does, is either scandalous ignorance or scandalous deception.

But even if the extraordinary assumptions of the shelter-apologists are conceded, their prescriptions for survival are seriously damaged by glaring omissions and misrepresentations. The effects of blast and firestorm cannot be just ignored even in a program specifically concerned with fallout. Supplies and equipment needed in shelters must be considered more realistically than they have been. The length of time survivors might have to remain underground—not two weeks, as the C.D. booklet suggests, but three or four weeks or even much longer, according to other "experts"—must be faced with a little more honesty. So must the conditions which survivors might emerge to—fires that could rage for months, windstorms, flood, famine, disease, and the strong possibility of what is called "re-radiation" or "post-attack radiation dispersal."

What the shelter debate comes down to, it seems to me, is this: under certain (improbable) conditions—involving one particular (unlikely) pattern of nuclear attack, by means of a certain (minimal) number of bombs, exploded in a certain (relatively inefficient) way, on certain (extremely limited) targets—some kind of fallout shelter program, if not the present confused efforts, might indeed save millions of lives that otherwise would be lost.

Even with all these remote contingencies in the equation, it might still be argued that the stakes are worth it—the possibility of saving ten or twenty or more millions of lives—and that we have nothing to lose by the gamble but money. This, I think, is the position taken by my friend and colleague James O'Gara. But I do not agree. While the stakes are high, I think there is almost no chance of collecting on the gamble; more important, I think there is a great deal besides money to be lost.

Bemusement with a shelter program, on the part of the American people or their government, signifies a certain acceptance of nuclear war as something less than ultimate holocaust. Not only is this a mistake, at least in my deepest conviction, but it can lead to disaster in the prosecution of our government policies. On the practical level, human nature being what it is, embarking on a shelter program will necessarily mean a diminution of the sense of urgency in our efforts for peace, a diversion of time, energy and money from one objective to the other.

In addition, the fascination with shelters, especially private shelters, has even thus far fostered some rather ugly and discouraging responses in our people—a kind of defeatism and withdrawal in the face of the great issue of our day, and a reversion to the selfishness and cruelty of the savage. Already we have invented a grim term for what we expect of one another—the phrase "shelter morality."

The confusion lies, perhaps, even in the way the shelter question is put: under certain conditions, we may be able to save so many millions of lives—don't you want to save these lives? Of course one wants to save whatever lives can be saved, but these certain conditions are precisely what we must not accept; the question "Don't you want to save these ten or forty million lives?" must not be confused with the real question, which has to do with hundreds of millions of lives, with nations and civilizations.

Technology, with the ignorance and malice of men, has brought us now to the very edge of Armageddon. If we are to prevail in the face of this frightful danger we must work and struggle and pray with every particle of our strength. There is no answer for us in the booklet *Fallout Protection, What To Know and Do About Nuclear Attack*. All things considered, James O'Gara voted yes; I am sorry, but I vote no.

RICHARD HORCHLER

Next Week

THOMAS MERTON writes about Christian responsibilty in the thermonuclear age:

"There is no need to insist that in a world where another Hitler is very possible, the mere existence of nuclear weapons constitutes the most tragic and serious problem that the human race has ever had to contend with. Indeed, the atmosphere of hatred, suspicion and tension in which we all live is precisely what is needed to produce Hitlers."

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Modern Woman

The Marginal Sex

MARY FREEMAN

WOMEN ARE said to be equal to, even dominant over, men in America. This view is seldom challenged, but the arguments supporting it are quite varied and often contradictory. They range from the old saw about the hand that rocks a cradle to prognoses based on the inroads women have made in our economy since World War II.

The National Manpower Council tells us that women now compose one-third of our labor force and constitute our largest manpower reserve; others point out that, without turning a hand, they have cornered eighty per cent of the country's wealth. As a result, women are being courted in new ways: enticed, on the one hand, to prepare for jobs; on the other, to keep the home furnaces burning—a fine place to consume the rapidly obsolescent stuff and gadgets supposed to be essential to our economy.

Presumably, this allows a woman to call her own tune in either role. Actually, she does not. Women remain marginal in our culture. They did not create it. They do not maintain it. And most important, in the future, they are apt to be pushed even further from the seats of power.

If all females in the United States were suddenly eliminated, men might have a less felicitous time. But this would not destroy the framework of our culture or change the direction of its evolution. It would be necessary to pull some marginal males into stenographic and records departments; to encourage others to become nurses, teachers, social workers, laboratory technicians, and what are sure to be called "household engineers."

But this would still be a highly industrialized country in which democracy fights a rear-guard action against technocracy. The H-bomb would continue to grow larger and cleaner; the world, smaller and murkier. War would still be the end result of knocking chips off shoulders—a game boys are fond of and never outgrow.

On the other hand, if men were suddenly eliminated, everything would change within hours. Factories would close. There would be no trained personnel to keep them going. Only cosmetics, textiles, and foods would keep flowing out—until the first mechanical breakdown. A handful of women business executives would join the thin scattering of female politicians in scraping together the fragments of government into absolutely necessary service units. In short, our whole economic and governmental complex would collapse.

NEVERTHELESS, we are often told, sometimes with asperity, that while women may contribute little, they have managed to get major benefits. But ownership has given women privilege, not power. Most of their wealth is administered by trusts, banks, insurance companies, and males in general. Indeed most of it, having been inherited or snared, belongs to the women least equipped to use it. Women who earn their bread rarely achieve wealth of lush proportions. Though one-third of the country's labor force, they receive but one-fifth of its wages and salaries.

Nor is it so important as it seems that women make the bulk of our purchases. A woman buys to please her family as well as herself. Even in her choice of clothes she is guided, if not by her husband's taste, at least by her role as his status display. Men gave up status dressing when they began to slip easily across class lines, but they still expect it of their wives. As in the case of religion, women are legatees of this cultural tag-end toward which men are often skeptical but nostalgic.

From the beginning woman has been assigned to the rear-guard of history. Yet it is often assumed that from this unstrategic spot she has exercised undue control. It is forgotten that, however great her efforts, her influence has been indirect, and that indirection allows many modifications of original intent.

Philip Wylie and, more recently, Eric John Dingwell have said bitter things about the scars that teachers and Moms leave on male children. But even this operation has been channeled through culture patterns styled by men. The narcissistic teacher who stamped her image on sensitive lads fifty years ago now gets at him through "permissiveness." These contrasting techniques produce quite different kinds of men and, except for Montessori's

MARY FREEMAN, a free-lance writer living in Florida, has published a study on D. H. Lawrence. This is her first appearance in The Commonweal.

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midwifery of the kindergarten, the theories are male productions. So too, teachers' colleges and graduate schools are taught and administered mostly by men.

Perhaps woman's influence as a mother is less diluted. But even here it is limited by social forces over which she has little control. She can but join with school, TV, movie, and comic strip in pressing her offspring into a standard mold. If she can circumvent these external pressures and instill a critical attitude or even a little sensibility in her son, he may be hustled off to the school psychologist as a problem child. If she tries and fails, her urchin is apt to consider her a problem parent.

EVEN WHEN it is admitted that woman has not yet reached full cultural equality, or that her influence on children is more apparent than real, it is seldom doubted that her future is bright, that the mechanical age has been kind to her and will effect her deliverance. She is assured that her general intelligence, now recognized as equal to man's, will permit her to overcome handicaps culturally imposed. It is all up to her.

These happy auguries are based on two large assumptions. The first is that our economy will continue to expand rapidly. If it should contract more than momentarily, or should automation free an appreciable number of men, then women as marginal workers would get dismissal notices instead of invitations. Automatic devices alone might cause them to lose even the fine-fingered assembly work in which they have long been established by special aptitude. Only the rare woman can achieve the job security of the average male.

The second assumption is that household gadgets have left women with abundant time and energy. On the contrary, it is debatable that gadget gains make up for the loss of the trusty housekeeper or proximity of grandmother. These gains are further offset in an urban community by distances between one activity and another. Moreover, these activities involve many different groups, and it takes more time and energy to maintain a working relationship with them all than with one autonomous neighborhood in pre-industrial days. In reality, women today have no more time or energy left for a job than did their grandmothers.

STILL, many a woman is willing to gamble on holding her own on a job, regardless of economic ups and downs, and to accept the self-discipline necessary to add as much as forty hours to the week's work. Reasons range from the simple need of many to help keep the family income abreast of inflation, to the vague wish of some to prove their competence or to achieve a more important place in our culture. The former are not disturbed that work in the factory or office is as monotonous as their work at home.

But women who seek creativity or responsibility are doomed to frustration. Increasing social and technological complexities demand ever more training and complete dedication from those who would achieve any degree of eminence. And both profession and preparation for it must still be at the expense of marriage and children. Sex and career pull together for a man, and in some ways for the woman who works to bolster family income. For the woman who works to express herself, the two roles are in full conflict.

College is obligatory for career women, even more than for career men. More women are getting degrees, but even more men are. Half of the men capable of college degrees get them; one-quarter of the women. Among college graduates capable of earning a doctor's degree, six per cent of the men, but only one per cent of the women, do so.

More important, women college graduates are showing less, rather than more, inclination to forego marriage and children. Few plan uninterrupted careers. One must conclude that even the most ambitious women are not cultivating their abilities to the full, not working throughout their period of maximal productivity, and not giving full attention to the job when they do. Accordingly, they are not likely to attain great importance in tomorrow's world.

THESE handicaps are not fully recognized by women themselves. Hearing they can easily manage both marriage and careers, they are tempted to believe it. Believing, they are tempted to try it. Some handle both jobs skillfully, but many just scrape by. Each show of inefficiency reactivates doubts regarding woman's competence and will be used against her in a less favorable labor market. Doubtless again she will have to be twice as good as a man to hold a job, or to underbid him.

The immediate future promises no solution for these problems unless children are brooder raised, or husbands domesticated. The former suggests the chilling possibilities of *Brave New World* and reminds us that psychic ills are often traced to insufficient home life. But perhaps husbands can be persuaded to take over. Young men, overcome by a sense of helplessness in the face of an increasingly complex and menacing world,

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seem attracted by retreats that they assume are easily dominated.

It may take this reversal of roles to appraise men of domestic facts. Home is no longer a warm spot in a cold world. The wind whistles all the way through. Nor are wives and mothers any longer sheltered vestals tending the sacred fire. None of the haloed roles are fully theirs today. Not only must a woman share authority over the children and control over her schedule with outside forces, she must relinquish much of her importance as a domestic producer. Handicrafts have become expensive hobbies. House and furnishings are no longer personal creations, but convenient possessions to be turned in, like the car, at each change of economic fortune.

In urban communities most of a woman's time is spent getting and distributing goods and services for her family. She is an unrecognized middleman, a quartermaster. She has not chosen this role; it has chosen her. She couldn't recover her former roles if she wished. Her new situation has relieved her of some rough work, made childbearing safer, even widened her horizons. But just as surely it has introduced new physical and psychological strains and spread her very thin. She may not be at the mercy of a male brute, but she is at the mercy of social forces. And it was a lot easier to hoodwink the former.

Of course, men too are threatened by man-made forces, but being implicated in the plot they realize it less. Participation gives a sense of control. About all a woman can contribute to her ultimate fate is her burial insurance, which she now keeps up more assiduously than any other insurance—a wry joke at the expense of her male protectors.

In essence, recent developments have merely confirmed woman's marginal status and marginal personality in new ways. In turn, a woman's marginal traits, almost as much as her reproductive functions, determine her roles in our culture and tend to make her marginality self-perpetuating. Whether brilliant or stupid, pretty or ugly, rich or poor, a woman is apt to feel in some way alienated from, and manipulated by, the male world. The oldest and largest of our marginal groups, women are like them all in having duplex values—one set to get along with the world, one set to get along with themselves.

On the other hand, women differ from members of other marginal groups in that each is one of a sex pair whose partner belongs to the culture from which she is alienated. Woman's closest tie, as Simone de Beauvoir has pointed out, is apt to be with nature whose fruitfulness she shares. Culture-wise each woman is on her own and must reconcile her needs and necessities privately for herself—a feat calling for no mean psychological strength. Small wonder that her stumbling efforts have resulted in stereotypes of female guile or stupidity.

Narcissism is an old defense against an unfriendly climate, and the female narcissists who exploit publicly approved roles for private ends are legion. Their guises are many, but they prefer the latest vogue. A hundred years ago, the Lady, the meek mouse, and the little woman behind the big man was the short cut to status. Not today; they were caught at it. Mom, too, has lost face and is on her way out. But the chronic club woman is still with us and she stills finds charity, culture, and patriotic hullabaloo good gambits. Today, however, the most successful role is that of the fashion seismograph. A natural for narcissists, it's a bonanza for their purveyors from Fifth Avenue to Main Street.

In contrast to the narcissist, the attitudinal transvestite has, in order to make her way, made a bitter but clean decision to turn in all personal values for the public ones prevailing in a man's world. She ruthlessly amputates all parts of her psyche in the way of her career. Unfortunately, like an immigrant bent on being assimilated, she is apt to overact a bit. Her efforts to be business-like can, not always unjustly, be confused with inflexibility. Little pity and less understanding is accorded her, and none of her bloopers is overlooked by male or female.

Recently the point of this transvestitism has been blunted. Many men are saying that women have something quite special to offer business. However, their stress on "the feminine viewpoint," could be a danger signal. Women may be encouraged to act up to male conceptions of the "feminine," and to carry into their new roles the attitudes and behavior suited only to house-bound subordinates. Undue emphasis on personal appearance in a career woman is illustrative. The transvestite is at least dressed for action; the woman trailing her femininity may trip over it.

BOTH narcissist and transvestite, like the cuckoo, build in ready-made nests and, conceiving the future in terms of the past, tend to confirm the widespread belief that women are essentially conservative. The woman who refuses to fit into these second-hand havens and tries to develop herself is exposed to stormy weather. And she's usually blamed for the storm.

Sometimes she attempts to make homemaking answer all her needs. She badgers merchants for information on new materials and gadgets; learns more than the doctor wants her to know about the family ailments; works out trick budgets; delves into psychology until she finds herself analyzing her own children; and, worst, tries to convert her husband to her views on the world. The harassed male, doomed to conformity to keep his footing, usually gives her the famous silent treatment until feeling like her own child caught in the jampot, she tries to behave.

If successful generally, she is sure to explode periodically over trifles. Sometimes she takes a job, only to

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ind that in the office, too, she is expected to conform, even more than is the male. Being an outsider, she has to prove that she belongs. Occasionally, peripheral organizations—civic leagues, peace movements, etc.—serve to widen her horizons. But these organizations, marginal like herself, must work, and even think, circuitously.

Almost nowhere can a woman determined to think for and express herself speak out forcefully and unequivocally. The fact that she has a self that is socially unprovided for, and, therefore, unwelcome, causes her to oscillate like an adolescent between feelings of superiority and inferiority. As a result, her ideas rarely lead to effective action but remain suspended in neurotic abulia.

THE PREVALENCE of these marginal types among women today indicates that, despite superficial changes in their status, they remain caught in their age-old dilemma. They can achieve an important place in our culture, at home or on the job, only by sacrificing much of their integrity as individuals. Perhaps if the four-hour day suggested by Ashley Montagu should become a reality and allow men and women to share experiences both at home and on the job, they might find their way to a shared culture satisfactory to both. Until then an intelligent and honest women is inevitably a social rebel.

However, self-pity is not in order. Marginality has important compensatory advantages. Outgroups—whether women, artists, or egg-heads—can achieve more individual freedom and retain closer contact with basic human experiences than can men preoccupied with building Babels and bombs. We may well question the desirability of being integrated with, or responsible for, any part of the world as it is today. The marginal sex may be the lucky one.

Other good fortune, already evident, may have come to women through their marginality. Socially enforced self-reliance may have strengthened their genetic hardiness and account for their increasing longevity. Men sit in dejection on retirement when the framework that gave them support has been removed. Women depend on no single support. If one fails, they try another. And far fewer women than men turn for relief to alcohol or suicide.

Nevertheless, in their futile efforts to, at the same time, please and rival men, women are not savoring these advantages. Even fewer have sensed the potential usefulness of marginality in a swiftly changing world. For example, it allows them to spot flaws in our culture that most men are too close to see. Women, not men, take care of community needs unprovided for by existing institutions. If they would view these local problems in a larger context and solve them in a less pinched way, women could attain some of the greater significance they covet. As a matter of fact, while men are in a position to rule the world, women are in a position to see where it's heading.

Even so, as long as our culture is geared for men, a woman's more important contributions must be made outside our main social currents. But this should not trouble her. She has had long training in filling gaps, working insidiously, and conducting salvage operations. Moreover, she is a born conciliator. Her peripheral situation has given her marginal views, but her close sex tie has made it necessary for her to get along with the prevailing ones. Unlike a man who tends to conform uncritically or rebel completely, a woman picks her way step by step.

Furthermore, women, rooted in basic human experience, are not apt to sell human beings for any mess of symbols, even those standing for our best ideals. If, in their political negotiations and scientific flights, men should reach an impasse, perhaps they can be persuaded to call in a female consultant. For this job a woman is eminently qualified. She does not fear loss of face; therefore she does not believe in an impasse. She knows that if you can't jump over it, you can always crawl under it.

Who Speaks Here of Headaches?

Who speaks here of headaches?
In all my life, I have never had a headache.

The walls quaked one night,
And I remember how my father
Fell into a hole
In the earth
And that the candles all went out;

And later how,
Without a father,
Travelling with my uncle
On the way to Prague
In a luxurious train,

Suddenly,
He was alight with fire
(Burning from the end of his cigar)
And burned, burned.

They never did extinguish the flames
His, nor those of the thirteen people
Who sat to close to him.

I know other such stories—
But of headaches—
No!
It doesn't pay!

LEONARD WOLF

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Communism in Guiana

DOUGLAS HYDE

DURING MY most recent visit to Latin America I was repeatedly told by people who claimed to know that British Guiana is "just another Cuba." This little British territory on the Caribbean coast of the South American mainland is, they declare, to all intents and purposes already behind the Iron Curtain.

The last man I spoke to before leaving my hotel in Caracas was an active member of a group which raises funds in the United States to combat Communism—and to spread its own rather narrow version of Protestantism—in Latin America. He had visited British Guiana, met most people of any prominence there, then had gone back to Washington to pass on his stories and opinions.

"I have God on my side," he told me confidently, "and a lot of others too, including some important industrialists in the States who see the danger of Communism in this area and are prepared to put up the money to fight it."

Dr. Cheddi Jagan, who is the newly self-governing territory's first prime minister, was a Communist who had, the man claimed, a militia already training in the jungles. As soon as the territory gains its independence in two years' time, he said, these trained Communist guerrilla leaders will fan out all over Latin America.

Experiences like that probably helped to make me disposed to place the best interpretation rather than the worst upon anything I might learn in British Guiana. Certainly, by the time I decided to go down and see for myself I was on the alert for exaggerations and oversimplifications. I was prepared, if the facts warranted it, to accept the idea that British Guiana may be hell-bent for Communism. But I also knew from experience that the Communist cause may as easily be served by sweeping, undiscriminating condemnations as by an inability to see the danger when it is real.

What I wanted, if possible, was to discover two things. Is the Peoples' Progressive Party, which Cheddi Jagan heads, a Communist party? Must British Guiana go the way of Cuba? I would not claim to be able, on the basis of my investigations, to provide single, simple answers. But those I got to my own questions may help others to understand just how many different strands go to make up a far from simple situation.

The original inhabitants of British Guiana of whom there are only about 23,000 are known as "Amerindians." The "Africans" are descended from those who were brought in as slaves. These comprise one-third of th population. The largest racial group, who form abou half the population, are the "East Indians." They, o their ancestors, came from India.

When a two-chamber legislature was created in Apr 1953, the Peoples' Progressive Party (P.P.P.) led by D Cheddi Jagan and Linden Forbes Burnham won a ma jority of the elected seats and 51 per cent of the tot votes. Six months later, British troops were dispatche to the colony and the constitution was suspended. Th P.P.P. leaders were accused of trying to bring Commu nism to British Guiana. Dr. Jagan and his wife went t prison on several occasions during the next year. By th time the next elections were held under the revise constitution in 1957, Burnham had split away from th P.P.P. But Jagan won again.

In the latest elections, held in August of 1961, Jagan' P.P.P. obtained twenty seats, the People's National Con gress, led by Burnham, won eleven, and the Unite Force, led by Mr. P. S. D'Aguiar, a Catholic, won fou seats. The P.P.P. had won again, but it was returned o a minority vote.

The P.P.P. is not a Communist party. It is a mass na tionalist party which, under its present leadership, pur sues left-socialist policies. But it is its nationalism, rathe than its socialism, which gives it its mass support. It followers include Communists, extreme and moderat socialists, and people who can best be described a liberal-bourgeois nationalists. It is racialism—Jagar most of the other leaders, and the bulk of its membe are East Indians—which holds it together. Although majority of its leaders are Marxists of some sort or an other, only a minority of their supporters are Marxist of any sort. It is not organized on the Leninist patter

NOR IS THERE, so far as I can establish, a Communis party as such in British Guiana. In this, as in a numbe of other ways, it is unlike Cuba. I know from exper ence that among students and others who come fro British Guiana to the United Kingdom there are som who join the Communist Party. When people fro underdeveloped areas are recruited in these circum stances they are normally briefed by the Communist before they go home. Those who return to Britis Guiana from abroad are clearly told to work within th P.P.P. It is reasonable to assume, therefore, that amon the P.P.P. leaders there is a Communist Party membe to whom they look for guidance and direction.

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Mrs. Janet Jagan, the Prime Minister's white wife and ecretary of the P.P.P., was once a member of the Com- ıunist Party of the United States. There is nothing to ıggest that her ideological position is different now 'om what it was in the past. My own impression is that ıe was clearly well trained and has a good understand- ıg of Communist theory, strategy and tactics. Like ther Communist leaders, Janet Jagan, being human, ıakes mistakes from time to time and does not perhaps lways do what Communists should do in any particular ɜt of circumstances.

Also high up in the leadership of the P.P.P. is a small roup of people who share her political outlook, and ɔme others who stand somewhere between her position nd that which Cheddi Jagan takes up.

I fail to see how anyone can with certainty say that heddi Jagan himself is, or is not, a Communist. He cknowledges himself to be a Marxist socialist. He is uite obviously near to the Communist Party in many ɜspects. Publicly, at any rate, his position is what one ıight call a nationalist-Caribbean Titoist one. There re some who say that this reflects, today, a genuine ersonal desire to avoid being absorbed into the world ommunist movement. He is, they say, much happier ɜeing a big man in his own little movement than a mall man in a powerful, worldwide one.

T MAY be that Dr. Jagan's position bears some re- emblance to that of Lee Kuan Yew in Singapore. His 'eople's Action Party was also condemned as Commu- ist before it came to power. I was there in the period ɜading up to the elections. The majority of Europeans, nd practically all Catholics no matter what their na- ional origins, were at that time convinced that Lee uan Yew was a Communist and so was his party and ingapore was about to be lost to Communism.

When I returned a few months later the priests who ad warned their people against the threatening danger f Communism now admitted that his victory on a left- ocialist-nationalist platform had been providential and hat he had syphoned off the support which would therwise have gone to the Communists.

That may yet be Cheddi Jagan's role, too. One would eel that the percentage of probability was rather higher vere it not for a document which he circulated in De- ember 1956. It is the text of a speech which he made ɔ his most reliable supporters shortly after the P.P.P. ıad been split in two. These were circumstances in vhich it was necessary for Dr. Jagan to speak very rankly. It seems he did. His address was an intelligent nd entirely orthodox Marxist analysis of the role of the ommunist Party within the wider national liberation ıovement in a South American colony. He equated the .P.P. with the national liberation movement.

The P.P.P. leaders had, he said, in the period leading ıp to the British Government's intervention in 1953, "definitely overrated the revolutionary possibilities of our party, the leader of the liberation movement. . . . We definitely underrated the importance of an alliance between the working class and the revolutionary bourgeoisie against imperialism. It is our task, therefore, to lay the basis for forging such an alliance."

The aim of the leaders should be the Leninist one of gradually making the masses convinced "from their own experience that the instructions, directions and slogans of the vanguard are correct." The vanguard, of course, in the Stalinist jargon which he used throughout his speech, is the Communist Party—working within the P.P.P.

No matter who wrote that speech, whether it was Jagan or his wife, Jagan made it and circulated it. It is reasonable, therefore, to assume that it reflected his mind at the time. If he has not changed from the position he held in 1956, then he sees his role and that of those around him as being that of a Communist vanguard gradually winning the masses of the P.P.P. for Communism and its policies, and clandestinely leading the country along the road to Communism. And it must be acknowledged that most of what he and his comrades have done in recent years would fit very well into this picture because it follows the pattern Jagan himself laid down in December 1956.

Nonetheless, it is just possible that he has since modified his views and may have drifted away from Communism into a left-socialist position. In this event one must concede that it would be virtually impossible for him as a prominent politician publicly to repudiate his Communism since he never publicly admitted it. It is reasonable to identify Cheddi Jagan with the P.P.P. in this way because he is, to a very great extent, the P.P.P. None of its other leaders compare in popularity with Cheddi Jagan, although in fact, his stature, in the eyes of the people, is nothing like what it was in 1953.

NO MATTER whether Jagan is still a clandestine Communist posing as a left-socialist-nationalist, or whether he is what he claims to be, there are so many difficulties ahead for him that it is much too soon for anti-Communists to declare that all is lost. Indeed, at this moment nothing adds up right from the Communist point of view.

When the Jagan-Burnham split occurred in 1956 the P.P.P. was torn down the middle on racial lines. Since Jagan's and Burnham's parties are now the main contenders for power, this means that the political fight takes on a racial form. Africans support Burnham, the African, as a defense against the increasing wealth and power of the Indian community. East Indians support Jagan, the East Indian, as a means of combatting the domination of those whom they regard as African inferiors. Many East Indians in the last elections who were by no means Communists, when told that a vic-

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tory for Jagan might lead to Communism, said that if that was the choice then they preferred Communism to being governed by "cannibals"—the cannibals being the Africans.

Viewed from any angle, this is not a good situation. For the Communists it is particularly bad because the Africans predominate in the towns, the East Indians in the countryside. This means that although the East Indians are the slightly larger group, Jagan has practically no support in the towns. He depends almost entirely upon the rural population, plus middle-class East Indians in the urban areas. This is a reversal of the usual Communist position and very far from what any Communist would choose.

The Africans have produced some outstanding members of the various professions, but the Indians have produced many more. The East Indians, too, include most of the local "capitalists." As a community they are becoming more prosperous and middle-class in outlook. Some are Hindus, some Muslims. Their religious and family life tends to be stronger and based much more firmly on long tradition than that of many of the Africans.

Clearly any government which tries to lead British Guiana to Communism while opposed by the workers of the towns, and dependent for its support upon rural workers and middle-class townsmen with a strong belief in God and the family, will have to tread very carefully indeed.

Its difficulties are made greater by the fact that the party forming that government relies to quite a considerable extent upon the financial backing of the majority of the middle class who are making it increasingly apparent that they have no liking for socialist policies. They know that nationalization would hit them very hard indeed. A still larger number of East Indians would be threatened by the P.P.P.'s socialist land policy.

PRESSURES such as these probably help to explain why Dr. Jagan felt called upon during the last elections publicly to declare that the P.P.P. is not a Communist party, and that it believes in the parliamentary system of government. He stated that it is committed to the holding of regular elections, to allowing freedom of association, freedom of movement and freedom of the fundamental rights "along the lines of the Bill of Rights of the United States of America."

He may, of course, have had in mind his intention of going to America for aid after the election was over. Be that as it may, these things were written into the present constitution at the insistence of Dr. Jagan and the P.P.P. Admittedly, when British Guiana gets its full independence the constitution might be jettisoned. Jagan might go back on all his promises, risk losing most of his East Indian support and yet, provided he permitted no more elections and assumed dictatorial powers, possibly still get his own way. But he has gone out of his way to make this more difficult. Even the police upon whom he would have to depend in such a situation are almost entirely African and, therefore, generally unsympathetic to him and his party.

Meanwhile, Jagan is, as was predicted, already demanding immediate independence for his 600,000 people. That independence will come, though not necessarily as soon as he wishes. If elections are held, and this does not necessarily have to be so, before independence, his opponents might, if they can present him with a united front, yet defeat him.

THE INTELLIGENT course for all those, whether in British Guiana or outside it, who are anxious to prevent Communism from gaining such a point of entry, might surely be to try to control Jagan and his P.P.P. There are already, as I have indicated, a number of built-in controls within his own party and within the over-all situation in British Guiana.

Jagan and his comrades clearly have no ideological reason for not turning to Russia and the Communist bloc for aid if such aid is not forthcoming from the West. There is nothing that Russia would like more than that a newly-independent British Guiana should become totally dependent upon the Communist bloc for its economic and political survival.

If it has for years been felt to be politically good sense to devote millions of dollars to the attempt to keep Tito outside the Iron Curtain, it would seem at least as sensible to use dollars to try to prevent Jagan's British Guiana from disappearing through it.

That, of course, will be for America to decide. For myself, I would never abandon any position to Communism until it was lost beyond all hope. British Guiana is not yet lost and it is too early to declare that it will inevitably go the way of Cuba when independence comes. That must be made to depend upon a lot of other people besides Dr. Jagan, his wife, a small handful of colleagues and the minority of Communists who have infiltrated into the People's Progressive Party.

The Communists have learned lessons from the Cuban experience and so should we. A little sober thought and intelligent action now will be more valuable than a lot of emotion later.

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Our Untaught Teachings

BERNARD P. DAUENHAUER

THE INTEGRATION of New Orleans public schools, tumultuous in 1960 and calm in 1961, was accomplished by the power of the federal government with the belated and somewhat timid cooperation of local politicians and businessmen. With the exception of the isolated witness of a handful of clerics and rabbis, the white Christian and Jewish communities, precisely as religious communities, exercised practically no influence upon this event.

There were, of course, the usual statements and pleas issued by dozens of ministers, priests, and rabbis, but these had no noticeable effect. A few laymen from each of the religious groups did at times heroic work, but they too were unable to lead their coreligionists to effective action. The religious groups as such were of no importance in bringing peaceful integration to the schools.

The Catholic community in New Orleans shared fully in this embarrassment. In fact, it has been embarrassed by the pro-segregationist sentiments of some of its members for several years. It has seen Catholics publicly denounce the Archbishop, the Most Rev. Joseph F. Rummel, for his 1954 pastoral letter pointing out that racial segregation as practiced in the United States is immoral. It has seen Catholic school parents' groups, in the face of this pastoral, attempt to pass resolutions against integrating Catholic schools—attempts which were unsuccessful only because the priest-moderators refused to let them be voted upon. It has seen several of its educated laymen become prominent leaders in white supremacist circles.

The opposition within the Catholic community to its own Archbishop was not confined to a notorious few. Many Catholics, including a few priests, frankly applauded this opposition. This does not mean that the large majority of Catholics were ready to defy their shepherd. They were not. But the instances of insubordination, coupled with the fact that a number of priests have for several years now deemed it imprudent to say anything on the race issue unless forced to, were sufficient to produce a confusion in the New Orleans Catholic community.

This confusion left the Catholic community paralyzed when the day of public school integration arrived. And it should be noted that this confusion, and even opposition to the Archbishop, was prevalent among products of the Catholic educational system, just as it was among those who had attended public or private schools. There is no survey by which the two groups can be compared, but if there was a difference it was not conspicuous. But as unfortunate as this failure was, we can profitably treat it as a clinical case and perhaps glean some pointers for the future.

FIRST, was the confusion in the Catholic community the result of ignorance of the Church's teaching or was the truth known, but buried under a blanket of emotionalism? Few would question the fact that most of the Catholic community knew what Archbishop Rummel had said about segregation. But few would maintain that the bulk of the people wholeheartedly accepted his reasoning. The gap was certainly due in part to the emotional atmosphere. No one can talk about the issue to an ordinary group of people without realizing that he is dealing with a delicate matter. But this tension does not fully explain the gap.

What the Archbishop said was to many an unusual amplification of the Catholic moral code. It was not necessarily wrong. In fact, it was probably right. Nevertheless, they were unaccustomed to think of segregation in this light.

Many good people were simply startled to hear that segregation was sinful. What kind of sin? they asked. If they did not want their children to go to school with Negroes, was that a sin? If they did not take a seat on a bus next to a Negro, was that something they had to confess?

When faced with good people, trained in Catholic schools, who are perplexed by such questions, one is tempted to aim a broadside at the New Orleans Catholic educational system. The facts, however, do not warrant an indiscriminate denunciation.

After the war and before the Archbishop's pastoral in 1954, several school groups were working for better relations between the races. At the university level, one white Catholic university began a program of token integration—a program, by the way, which has not developed significantly during these last seven years. There was also the Southeastern Regional Inter-Racial Commission (SERINCO) which met regularly. City-wide meetings of the high school Catholic Students Mission Crusade were integrated. And there were others. There was opposition, but something was being attempted.

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ON THE OTHER hand, it would be impossible to say that interracial justice was effectively presented as an integral part of Christian morality. It would be difficult to claim that today. At the college level there was and is some confusion about where such "social" questions should be treated. Should they be in dogmatic theology in connection with the doctrine of the Mystical Body? Or in moral theology, and if so in connection with justice or charity or both? Or even perhaps in sociology?

This confusion to some extent leaves the treatment to the discretion of the professor. Two or three interested and capable professors might each assume that the other or others, in different areas, will take care of this problem and so gloss over it. The result is that the student is never given an adequate treatment of this and other social problems. This situation may seem ridiculous, but it happens.

In high school and grammar school, the problem of teaching Catholic interracial doctrine seems to be more one of suitable materials and syllabi. A number of teachers feel they are not doing a good job in this area but do not know where they can get help. The textbooks are generally unsatisfactory and the teacher frequently does not have the background, in his own judgment, to make up the deficiency.

There are other factors besides textbook vagueness, a shortage of appropriate materials and groping teachers. Many school administrators have demonstrated no overt interest in integrating their schools. And rightly or wrongly the impression has been given that faculty members are not particularly encouraged by some school administrators to champion integration of the schools.

Then there are those teachers, surely decreasing in numbers, who show, implicitly more frequently than explicitly, pro-segregation sympathies. Even though their number is few, their presence makes it quite difficult for the student to regard segregation as a moral evil, especially if the teacher in question happens to be a religious. This last point, when taken together with the fact that the local Catholic school system is still completely segregated at the grammar and high school levels, must necessarily weaken the student's grasp of the moral imperative involved here.

IT WOULD be wrong to conclude that the moral imperative cannot be communicated in the face of such problems. There is undoubtedly a steadily growing awareness of the Church's teaching on integration. But if some students do not grasp the full meaning and range of this teaching, it is not entirely their fault.

Further, though it is true that some progress has been made in the last few years in the teaching of the Church's doctrine on racism, would the progress have come about in the absence of an almost traumatic community crisis? This takes us back to a question debated at the 1957 National Catholic Social Action Conference in Chicago. Does Catholic social action need a "bogey man" to prod it into action? Is whatever progress there has been in New Orleans in teaching the Church's doctrine on race attributable to the presence of a crisis?

BEFORE pursuing this notion we should ask next whether the Catholic schools are effectively teaching the Church's social doctrine in other areas, e.g., aid to depressed areas or underdeveloped countries, labor-management relations, immigration or housing. A spot check of about one hundred and forty students attending Catholic high schools and colleges and members of the Newman Club at a state university in New Orleans showed an almost complete ignorance of the topics treated in the great social encyclicals. This was not simply an ignorance of what the popes have said but even of what they have talked about. Nor did these students show any indication of knowing that the general moral teaching of the Church encompassed such subjects. This survey lends support to the statement of Father Louis J. Twomey, S.J. in the May-June 1961 *Catholic Mind,* that Catholic education throughout the nation has failed to develop a Christian social consciousness in its students.

In this survey of students, most of whom are in college, those from three Catholic high schools recalled that a month or more of the four-year religion course had been devoted to the social doctrines of the Church. Students from two other schools remember no explicit attention to them. Graduates of nine other schools reported that they had studied these teachings for two or three weeks. None of them said that they discussed these ideas frequently. Since they do not know what the Church's social doctrine is, if the students' memories are serving them well, one could easily question the syllabi of these institutions. But even if their memories are playing them false, the students do betray the failure of whatever training was given to make a lasting impression.

Here we are faced with an ignorance that is not, as in the integration issue, essentially compounded with emotionalism or prejudice. If the Church's social doctrine was understood there would probably be strong opposition to it. The conservative, isolationist tradition is strong here in New Orleans and has showed itself in various labor disputes. In one of them a group of prominent Catholic laymen publicly attacked the Archbishop's denunciation of a proposed state right-to-work law. But it would be true to say that the Church's social doctrine has not yet been sufficiently taught for the issue to be joined between the adherents of such a doctrine and those who follow a thinly disguised *laissez-faire* social and economic habit of thought.

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This pattern thus differs from the integration experience. In the latter, the crisis developed, within the Catholic community, in an atmosphere marked by ignorance of the Church's social teachings and by a prejudice that interfered with the ability to learn. In the case of other social issues, it is difficult to see any crisis developing within the New Orleans Catholic community until the teaching of the Church is sufficiently effective to produce a major impression on its students and thus perhaps evoke opposition.

The principal reason for this difference is probably that the racial issue can be presented in simple terms and can be seen to affect everyone in his daily life. A person would have to be anesthetized not to feel that he is personally involved in this problem. This simplicity and the great number of those who feel involved is not likely to occur in other social issues. Indeed the dissimilarity between the integration problem and other social questions makes it imperative that the Catholic educational system show that it does not need a crisis to make progress. Otherwise the Catholic community is likely to remain as irrelevant in future social decisions as it was in the New Orleans integration issue.

TWO OBSERVATIONS can be made about the direction that the Catholic educational system should take in presenting the Church's social teachings. First, there is a need for teachers and professors to make a theological synthesis of the social encyclicals and what might be called the usual presentation of Catholic doctrine. This synthesis must affect not only moral but also dogmatic theology if superficiality is to be avoided.

Catholicism has too frequently been presented as a religion whose moral implications deal primarily with the family and the individual. Students have not been taught that the whole web of human relations has moral dimensions; or if they have learned this much, it is still a generalization for them. Until the teacher is able to show that neither the inner meaning of the Church and the implications of Christ's present Lordship can be accepted, nor the ten commandments and the virtues be practiced, without living out the doctrine of the social encyclicals, the social teachings must of necessity continue to give the impression of being frills or extras. The student, without this synthesis, no matter how much class time is devoted to them, will still be inclined to isolate these topics as something new and unrelated to the Catholicism he learned at his mother's knee.

To present an approach to morality that is, by turns, individualistic, negative and legalistic, is to turn Christianity into a vehicle of social control, a tool to maintain the *status quo*. Such an ethic cannot provide the foundation for meaningful Catholic participation in the full life of the community, even if it is touched up with dabs of the social implications of these teachings. With no more than that training, our Catholic school graduates will either commit themselves no further than their training has directed them—and then they will be simply passive in complex social questions—or they will act on the basis of norms drawn from other sources than Catholic teaching. The latter will happen if for no other reason than that most will be unaware of pertinent doctrine in these areas.

Secondly, teachers must recognize the need for a new kind of moral education, particularly in the high schools and colleges. It is possible to get by with, in private and family matters, what could be called a "morality of obedience." A great number of specific directives have been worked out by moralists to cover a goodly portion of private and family life. This "morality of obedience" might even be of some help in a relatively simple social problem like segregation. Most questions of social ethics, however, by their complexity and the relative uniqueness of each situation, defy specific direction. In socio-economic questions, for example, there is rarely a clearly recognizable single answer. There is a constant necessity for groping.

If Catholic morality is presented as a series of pat answers for all contingencies, the capacity of educated laymen to grope, to translate the principles of our morality to fit specific conditions will be left undeveloped and their ability to provide Christian leadership seriously truncated. Evidence of this inability to make concrete adaptations was found in the New Orleans situation. Many of those who wanted to do something constructive found themselves unable to formulate a course of action that would be both Christian and effective.

These two recommendations, of course, will certainly not solve all difficulties. Schools can do only so much. But these improvements in our educational system would help to equip our Catholic people for responsible community leadership. Catholic communities would be spared the embarrassment of confusion. We would not have to await emotional crises before we contributed to an actual Christianization of the social order. Of greatest moment, our Catholicism would move toward that maturity so necessary if we are to bear accurate witness to Christ.

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THE STAGE

A Master's Voice

IT IS surely some sort of commentary on the condition of our theater that the most absorbing evening it is possible to spend in it these days is at "Brecht on Brecht," a program of readings and dramatizations from the work of the late German playwright who is one of the age's true adornments. That is to say, snips of Brecht are more satisfying than acres of almost anyone else, and one or two whiffs of his acrid presence in the theater are more exhilarating than all the perfumes of Arabia.

Not that the evening—which George Tabori has fashioned from Brecht's poems, stories, plays, songs and letters and which Gene Frankel has mounted with consummate taste—is in any way discontinuous or fragmentary. It is rather astonishingly cohesive and whole. But it is still, of course, Brecht in parts, and the moral it seems possible to draw is that a truly magisterial imagination such as Brecht's will communicate itself willy-nilly, making itself felt in anything it produces, whereas lesser creators need finished, unassailable works.

The six performers are based on stools of varying heights, from which they deliver some of their lines, rising occasionally for others or for participation in some dramatized scene. They constitute beyond a doubt the most dedicated, most beautifully generous company we have had this season, perhaps the first which truly seems to love what it is doing and which passes that loving attentiveness on to us.

If anyone should be singled out it might be Dane Clark, if only because he wonderfully counters our image of him as Hollywood man-of-all-mediocrities, but it gives pleasure simply to list them all: Michael Wager, young, luminous and eager; Anne Jackson, also young, controlled, with great inventiveness and precision; George Voskovec, an actor of the most profound resources; Viveca Lindfors, one of the stage's truly beautiful women, of a beauty not skin-deep; and Lotte Lenya, who of course by now *is* Brecht.

The range is wide, from early poems and essays and letters on the theater and society, to songs from plays and finally to the self-contained "Jewish Wife" episode from "The Private Life of the Master Race," the latter perhaps misleading to non-Brechtians because of its uncharacteristically straightforward dramaturgy, but uncommonly affecting and strong. One remembers so much: the Herr Keuner stories ("There is only one way to fight authority. What's that? To outlive it."); the letter to New York actors ("Instead of astonishment you work for sympathy."); the songs from "The Three-Penny Opera" and "St. Joan of the Stockyards," which Miss Lenya sings with her exultant spirit.

Throughout, Brecht is present in more than his work alone. There are recordings played on a scratchy phonograph in which we hear him singing his own songs and others in which, in his high-pitched voice, he makes devastating responses to the investigators of the House Un-American Activities Committee. But beyond everything else what remains in the memory, the evening's permanent image and seal, is a huge photograph of Brecht that dominates part of the stage.

It is an apparition from which you cannot remove your gaze for long: the hair over the forehead, the chin on fist, the thick cigar, the narrow, infinitely ironic smile, the one eye half-closed while the other watches and detects the secret of everything that has been or could possibly be in this world which needs forever to be called to account. (*At the Theatre de Lys.*)

RICHARD GILMAN

THE SCREEN

But Cruel Is the Day

UNDER PRESSURE, the most enthusiastic admirers of F. Scott Fitzgerald, even those who insist *Tender Is the Night* is his greatest work, will admit that this novel is overly complex and needlessly complicated. It is, never-

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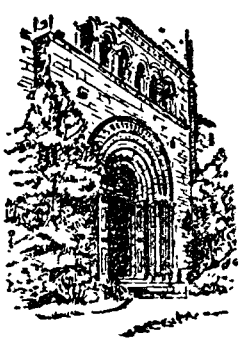

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theless, a fascinating study of disintegration and what happens to some of the fast-living, hard-drinking Jazz Age set who grow older but not much wiser. This column is not, however, a review of Fitzgerald's 1934 novel but of the movie made from it. Ivan Moffat had no easy task in writing the screenplay; he omitted some of the characters, changed a few, lessened the importance of Rosemary, the Hollywood starlet who makes a play for Dick Diver, highlighted the role of Nicole Diver (no doubt because it is played by *the* star, Jennifer Jones), and while he succeeded in simplifying the involved plot, he eliminated much of Fitzgerald's cynicism but captured the emptiness of post-Jazz Age disenchantment.

What Henry T. Weinstein's handsome production of "Tender Is the Night" (20th Century-Fox) catches best is the beauty and surface glitter of the French Riviera in the 1920's. Leon Shamroy's stunning color photography of the beach, sea, bright bungalows and villas—and later Zurich and Paris—adds considerably to the glamor and sparkle of this oh-so-gay crowd of people who are trying oh-so-hard to have fun. Ringleader of the parties and drinking bouts and general pursuit of happiness is Dick Diver, the once-promising young psychiatrist who married his wealthy patient, Nicole, and has been living in the lap of luxury ever since.

If this husband-psychiatrist-wife-patient relationship seems somewhat ridiculous and unlikely now, it certainly must have seemed so in 1934. But both the original story and the movie are concerned with the irresponsible 1920's—and with wasted talent, be it Fitzgerald's or Dick Diver's. "Tender Is the Night" makes clear in the lengthy flashback that Dr. Diver was genuinely in love with mentally-ill Nicole and that his advisor (Paul Lukas) warned against the marriage, which was certain to end in disaster for one or both. Guided by her adoring husband, Nicole attains stability and then realizes she is married not to a god-like doctor but to a boy-man who drinks to excess and refuses to settle down. (Strangely enough, no one sends *him* to a good psychiatrist.)

It is interesting that Jason Robards, Jr., who portrayed the prototype of Fitzgerald in "The Disenchanted" on the stage, plays Dick Diver in "Tender Is the Night," thus continuing the theory that Fitzgerald saw himself in Diver, the wastrel, the disillusioned playboy, the generous giver of himself to his wife and friends. Henry King has directed his cast well, but the deterioration of a man is a difficult theme for a movie to put over. Giving the picture what vitality it has, Robards comes through with an extremely moving portrait of a man who loved not wisely but too well, and he succeeds in winning his audience even while repelling them.

The whole cast necessarily revolves around Robards. Jennifer Jones does what she can with the difficult role of neurotic Nicole who finally gets well and then runs

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out of patience with the man who saved her. More forceful and positive is Joan Fontaine as Nicole's bossy sister who first encourages the marriage to get a caretaker for the unstable girl and then pushes the divorce after Dick has served his purpose and become the weak member. Jill St. John makes Rosemary, who is fascinated by the Divers, especially Dick, little more than a designing Hollywood tramp. (All three women are beautifully dressed by Pierre Balmain.

The entire large cast, which also includes Tom Ewell as the hard-drinking, frustrated Abe North and Cesare Danova as the handsome athlete carrying a torch for Nicole through the years, gets into the gaiety and haphazard spirit of the 1920's. "Tender Is the Night" may be too long and too contrived in its unbelievable psychiatrist-patient situation, but it is an absorbing movie and one that portrays vividly the social atmosphere of the times. To continue the Keats quotation that gives the film its title, this picture of the sick Lost Generation goes "through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways."

IT IS AMAZING what a good movie has been made from "Summer of the Seventeenth Doll," the stage play which was written by Ray Lawler of Australia, where it was a hit, as it was later in London. That it was received rather coolly in New York may have been due to the fact that the play's slang and the accents of the Australian cast who spoke it were a bit thick for American audiences. In any case the movie, produced and directed by Leslie Norman on location in Sydney and in Australia's Artransa Studios, employs exciting cinema technique and is much more stirring than the original drama.

Now called "Season of Passion" (United Artists), the story mainly concerns two cane cutters, who come from Queensland every year to spend their five-month lay-off season with a couple of women in Sydney, and the two women with whom they enjoy the lay-off. This is the seventeenth in the annual lay-off series, and it is called the summer (because summer, of course, starts in December in Australia) of the seventeenth doll (because every year one of the men, Roo, brings his girl friend, Olive, a tinsel-topped, fuzzy-skirted kewpie doll). Sixteen of these dolls decorate the cheap rooming house (once solid Victorian) run by Olive's mother where Roo and Barney always stay with the girls. But the seventeenth summer is different. Barney's girl had sense enough to get out of this set-up by marrying, and Olive has persuaded Pearl, a manicurist who thinks she's above all this, to turn up for Barney.

These people are not the captains and kings of great plays, or even Fitzgerald's glittering smart set, though their values are just as false. This foursome are of the lower-lower-middle class enmeshed in a tawdry situation; their realization of it, compounded by new frustrations, is almost painful to watch but is resolved in tense drama. John Dighton's screenplay catches the Lawler original well; and Leslie Norman's direction skillfully moves around Sydney and that sleazy rooming house to give us the flavor of people and place.

Four first-rate performances carry the disturbing story: John Mills as the cocky little Barney who adores Roo, misses his old girl, but goes right to work on Pearl; Angela Lansbury as Pearl who almost discards her snooty airs before she grasps the futility of these summer love affairs; Ernest Borgnine as Roo who gets tied up in knots when he realizes he's not the tough cane cutter he used to be or the hot-blooded lover of yesteryear; and Anne Baxter as Olive who desperately refuses to let go of the past and still wants what she had for the last sixteen summers—kewpie dolls and all. The picture's supporting cast and photography are fine, and the sensational story, though hard to take at first, soon becomes engrossing—long before the exciting climax with kewpie dolls smashing all over the place. PHILIP T. HARTUNG

BOOKS

The Mournful End of Guy Crouchback's Crusade

The End of the Battle. By Evelyn Waugh. Little, Brown. $4.50.

by Sam Hynes

WITH *The End of the Battle*, Evelyn Waugh has completed his trilogy of Army life during the Second World War. The first volume of the series, *Men at Arms* (1952), carried Waugh's hero, Guy Crouchback, from pre-war retirement in Italy into a British Army regiment, and to inglorious action at Dakar. The second, *Officers and Gentlemen* (1955), exposed him to Commando training and participation (also inglorious) in the British withdrawal from Crete. *The End of the Battle* begins with Crouchback back in England, this time for training as a parachutist, and takes him into Yugoslavia in reluctant and ineffectual support of Tito's partisans. The novel ends with an epilogue which extends Crouchback's career to 1951, or roughly the date at which Waugh began to write the first volume. It also contains a synopsis of preceding volumes which, though it is scarcely a substitute for a re-reading of the first two books, at least makes this one comprehensible if taken alone (and incidentally improves on the action of *Officers and Gentlemen* in a way which will surprise readers of that novel).

The ostensible subject of the

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Crouchback trilogy is the idiocy of military man, and the war he makes. This is a rich field for the comical-satirical inventiveness which is one of Waugh's great gifts, and in the first two books of the series he cultivated it very well. Captain Apthorpe, the *miles gloriosus* of *Men at Arms*, is one of Waugh's funniest characters, and the entire Commando training episode in *Officers and Gentlemen* is a hilarious, as well as penetrating, commentary on soldiering.

The End of the Battle is not funny, nor does it try very hard to be. Waugh has changed direction, and has turned from an oblique, satiric attack on particular military stupidities to a direct, bitter denunciation of the entire Allied cause. In the first two books he put his hero through military fiascoes, but none was treated as somberly as his one victory in this final book—the defeat of the German troops in Yugoslavia. The crusade on which Crouchback set out in *Men at Arms* has reached a victorious end. But in Waugh's eyes the spirit of the crusade has been lost, and the victory is a triumph of everything that he most deplores—Progress, Egalitarianism, the Left.

Men at Arms began with Crouchback at a Crusader's tomb, touching his sword and praying: "Sir Roger, pray for me, and for our endangered kingdom." *The End of the Battle* begins with the Sword of Stalingrad, presented by the King to the Russian people. Crusader has become Communist, and the kingdom is still endangered. Crouchback, the war over, retires to the country to raise crops and children, and abandons the rest of the world to the degradation which he, as a soldier, has helped to bring about. (The British edition of the book made this last point more obvious; it was called *Unconditional Surrender.)*

The End of the Battle seems to me, in spite of many excellences, an unsatisfactory book, and a depressing conclusion to a promising satirical enterprise. It lacks the wit, the objectivity, and the obliquity of true satire. Throughout the trilogy the parallelism between Crouchback's career and Waugh's has been close—they are the same age, share religious and political convictions, and their military experiences are almost identical—but in this book Waugh seems to have abandoned all pretense at character, and speaks in his own voice. The effect on tone is disastrous; what had been biting, witty satire becomes querulous and heavy sarcasm. And as the objects of his wrath become larger and less precise, the sarcasm becomes less and less acceptable as a credible commentary on experience.

The villains of this book are practically everybody—Liberals, Communists, Intellectuals, Politicians, and — indiscriminately — Americans. They are all apparently engaged in a vast conspiracy against The Good (like most reactionaries, Waugh subscribes to the Conspiracy view of history). Their only opponents are a few Fine Old Catholic families, some country squires, and a scattering of Happy Warriors left over from Kipling. It is difficult to take any of this seriously, except in the sense that we in this country have had to take seriously, in the recent past, the extravagant fictions of the militant Right. It is saddening to have to place so fine a talent as Waugh's in such company.

What remains of *The End of the Battle* after one has rejected the didactic substance of it is Waugh's brilliant style. He seems to me without question to command the best prose style of anyone now writing in England. His firm and reverent respect for the language he has inherited is, I suppose, the literary form of his political conservatism, and perhaps we should be thankful that he has not been corrupted by Liberalism in this respect at least. But few readers are likely to be content with the pleasures of even the most precise and economical prose, especially from a writer from whom they expect satire and wit, and so I cannot imagine that many will find *The End of the Battle* a satisfying experience.

An Assessment of Capital Punishment

Hanged by The Neck. By Arthur Koestler and C. H. Rolph. Penguin. $.85.
Hanged in Error. By Leslie Hale. Penguin. $.85.

by William H. Dempsey, Jr.

ON THE AVERAGE of once a week, the click of a switch, the hiss of escaping gas, or the twang of a rope testifies to this country's persistent belief in the value of the services performed by the public executioner. To be sure, things are hardly what they used to be for these tradesmen, what with the decline in the execution rate, the elimination of such touches as drawing and quartering, and the substitution of private ceremonies for the communal orgies of old. But at least the executioner can still find employment in 42 of our states, whereas during the last 100 years he has been put out of business in some 36 countries, including all but four of the nations of Western Europe. His position is further crumbling elsewhere, most notably in the home of the old "Bloody Code," England, where the House of Commons in 1956 actually passed an abolition bill only to have it blocked by the House of Lords.

The strength of the British abolitionists may be partly due to the articulateness of their literary representatives, who have for years kept up a drumfire attack on Tyburn Tree and its progency. One of their classic efforts was Arthur Koestler's *Reflections on Hanging*. Now Koestler, joined by *New Statesman* correspondent C. H. Rolph, returns to the fray with *Hanged by the Neck*, and Leslie Hale, M.P., fires a volley entitled *Hanged in Error*. In the former, the authors restate in abbreviated form the principal arguments made in *Reflections*, add a few more, and discuss recent legislative developments in England. In the latter, Hale presents case histories of eleven erroneous convictions in capital cases.

Hale's work is not a major contribution. This reviewer, at least, found it neither particularly entertaining—which is surprising for a book of this sort—nor particularly persuasive. Not that Hale does violence to the truth; but his book does

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not evidence that unique type of intellectual discipline that the partisan author must possess if his readers are to feel they are called upon for something other than an act of faith.

Hanged by the Neck, on the other hand, provides a powerful brief statement of the abolitionist position and is a worthy supplement to *Reflections on Hanging*. If anyone still regards the abolitionists as soft-headed cranks, this book should cure his delusion. Indeed, in some respects the Koestler-Rolph argument is irrefutable.

On the question of whether capital punishment secures the accepted ends of criminal law in any unique fashion, Koestler and Rolph have rather easy going. Since retentionists find it awkward to advance the vengeance argument these days and even more awkward to speak of capital punishment in terms of reformation, the debate generally focuses upon the deterrent effect of the death penalty. And at least since the 1953 British Royal Commission Report, which exhaustively analyzed crime rates in various countries, abolitionists have been able to cite a massive body of evidence indicating that capital punishment most probably has no special deterrent effect whatsoever.

Moreover, their argument has a basis in logic. Our two principal capital crimes are murder and rape, and even the amateur criminologist knows that these are normally crimes of passion that do not appear to be deterrable by any sort of legislation. This leaves the maniacal killer, who is obviously also undeterrable, and the occasional cold-blooded killer, who might be influenced by the specter of the hangman if he thought apprehension probable.

But the issue of capital punishment is too complex to be settled by statisticians. For one thing, it obviously cannot be proved with arithmetical certainty that capital punishment will not deter someone, sometime, and thus the question becomes whether this possibility is sufficient warrant for continuing the executions. Moreover, some people are attached to this grisly business for reasons wholly unrelated to deterrence. As Koestler and Rolph put it, "There is a spoonful of sadism at the bottom of every human heart."

Furthermore, whether we like it or not, vengeance still plays a large role in criminal law. And some like it, for they insist that retribution, purged of base motives at least, is part of any ordered system of justice, and that the only appropriate response to killing is killing. Thus, the capital punishment debate exposes the weakness of the theory that important legislative judgments can be the product of pure logic if only sufficient effort is made. In this case, as in most others, there is no escaping a final sort of "ipse dixit" grounded upon a system of values not held by reason alone.

Fortunately, Koestler and Rolph realize their plea must be addressed to the heart as well as the mind. One can hardly fail to be affected by their description of the reality of execution in all its obscene detail; and their historical analysis of capital punishment effectively exposes the inhumanity frequently exhibited in the statements of its advocates. Moreover, their discussion of recent capital cases and of the imperfections in England's judicial system—paralleled in our own and due partly to man's irremediable limitations—demonstrates not only that the possibility of erroneous conviction is real, but also that, even where the "right" man is charged, only the proud or the foolish can be confident that the moral guilt of the condemned really warrants the penalty of death.

The book's final appeal is to the charity and humility that draws man back, on pain of self-corruption, from passing such a terrible and irretrievable judgment. In this the authors clearly share the spirit of Mauriac's Monsieur Calou: "Never turn your eyes upon that secret city, that place of damnation, which is the soul of another, unless you wish to be turned into a pillar of salt."

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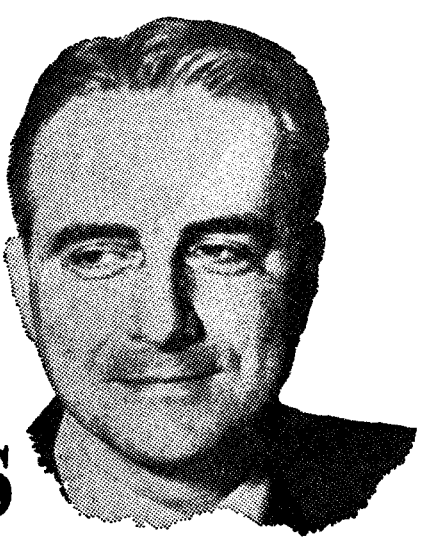

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More Darkness

Each in His Darkness. By Julian Green. Pantheon. $4.50.

by Thomas P. McDonnell

IF INGMAR BERGMAN were to read the opening pages of Julian Green's latest novel to be translated into English, he would no doubt be tempted to try to bring it to the screen. For *Each in His Darkness* has that quality of the image which one may now describe as pure Bergmanian. Of course, where the one works with the inner resources of language, the other works with observed visual effects—but the mutual effects themselves, in their different ways of advantage and disadvantage, are nearly always the same. If one adds to this a feeling for theme, especially for what we have come to call the tragic vision of life, then the affinity between Green and Bergman becomes all the more remarkable.

Again, to approach Julian Green circumspectly, one may compare him, in relation to the treatment of the theme of tragedy, with his better known namesake of the terminal "e". The point is that both Julian Green and Graham Greene are concerned with the dark crisis of the soul (though not, heaven knows, with the contemplative dark *night* of the soul), with that loss of grace which is brought into almost deterministic conflict with the tormented flesh. It is this element which makes their novels, and especially the one considered here, as much the dramatizations of psychological case histories as the studies in theological drama that criticism has naturally taken them to be.

Yet the fact that we are no longer so naive as to assume a categorical ambivalence between the moral and psychological orders—or, if you will, the flesh and the spirit—does not quite do away with the suspicion that the chief figures in these novels are suffering more from psychic dilemmas than from purely spiritual ones. A spiritual dilemma, one supposes, implies a certain amount of spiritual liberty—but there is very little of that in the novels of Green and Greene.

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In Graham Greene, for instance, the dilemma often involves a sexual stricture of such degree that we wonder if he has ever encountered the doctrine of the moral validity of sexual pleasure. Now Julian Green has given us the other end of the spectrum, which runs, superficially, from point-puritan to point-hedonist. But, again, the reader ought not presume that the burden of the dilemma is a predominantly spiritual one. The chief figure in Julian Green's novel does not suffer from sexual inhibition: he suffers rather, to put it in the old-fashioned manner of the inspirational text, from a "simple" lack of self-control. This of course is a fundamentalist reduction, an assumption of virtue in what may or may not be a convenient streak in the otherwise inconvenient Jansenist temperament.

With this said, however, *Each in His Darkness* comes close to betraying itself by complying with current fashion through the "going" ingredients of homosexuality and male prostitution, etc. Each in his darkness, yes, but of what is the darkness made? To ask that question is to state how little we know of the nature of love itself. The point is that none of this is really shocking any more. It is in fact the inverted morality (with all the rigidity of Victorian moralism) of the self as libertine in search of "salvation"—whatever that is taken to mean. Contradictions are of the essence of life; in art they are the destroyers of form.

Although the scene of *Each in His Darkness* is placed somewhere on the eastern seaboard of the United States, it is a thoroughly European novel. In fact one must make an almost constant effort, despite the American origins of its author, to keep both the details and stream of narrative in its ostensibly American context.

Further M. Green's repetitive use of the term "believer" ('Are you a believer?') does not have relevance to any conversation that we are likely to hear in the United States—if indeed it reveals anything of the nature of spiritual commitment. To criticize less semantically, however, the characters in this novel lack the dimension of any reality we can quite believe in. It is possible, of course, that they are attempts at poetic prototypes—but it would be fruitless to say that this requires the genius of an epic as well as an epochal ingenuity.

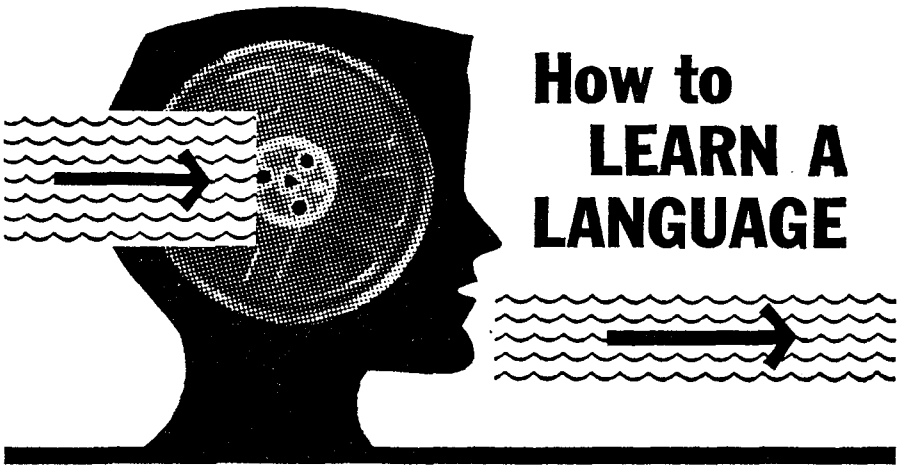
Finally, though Julian Green surely deserves a wider American audience than he has yet enjoyed, this is the kind of novel we have perhaps had too much of—even though of its kind it is very nearly the best. As was stated earlier, the real achievement of *Each in His Darkness* is graphic and kinetic—that is to say, it is a stylistic achievement. Beyond that, however, there is very little left but the risk of parody.

REVIEWERS

Sam Hynes, a frequent contributor, is a member of the faculty at Swarthmore.

William H. Dempsey, Jr., is a member of the bar of the District of Columbia. This is his second appearance in The Commonweal.

Thomas P. McDonnell contributes poetry and criticism to The Commonweal and other journals.



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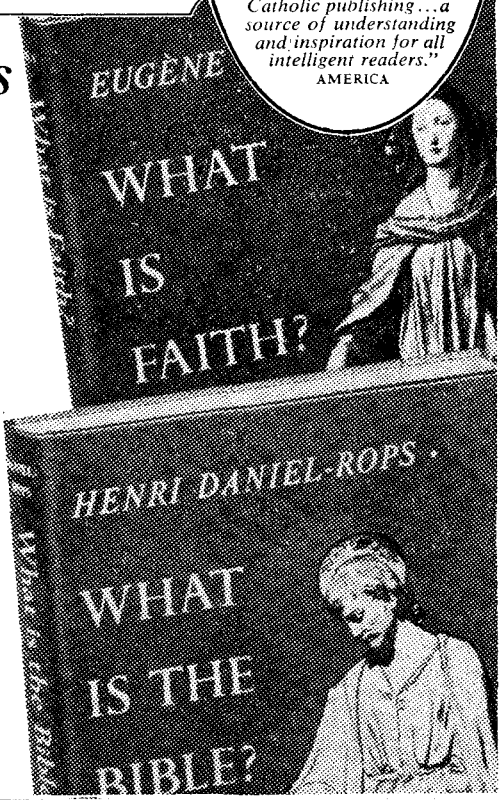

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